

THE LITERARY CHRONICLE

And Weekly Review;

Forming an Analysis and General Repository of Literature, Philosophy, Science, Arts, History, the Drama, Morals, Manners, and Amusements.

This Paper is published early every Saturday Morning, Price Sixpence; or 10d. if sent into the Country, Free of Postage, on the Day of Publication; Country and Foreign Readers may also be supplied with the unstamped Edition in Monthly or Quarterly Parts.

No. 189. LONDON, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 28, 1822. Price 6d.

Review of New Books.

The Loves of the Angels: a Poem. By Thomas Moore. 8vo. pp. 148. London, 1823.

MR. MOORE is certainly the poet of Love, whose imagination, so far as this passion is concerned, has 'exhausted worlds and then created new;' thus, after exhibiting to us love in all its interesting features in this sublunary world, he soars aloft on eagles' wings, and gives us the 'Loves of the Angels;'—a lofty theme, certainly, but one which Mr. Moore may venture upon without the imputation of presumption. This poem, somewhat different in form and much limited in extent, was originally designed as an episode for a work on which Mr. Moore has been engaged at intervals during the last two years; but, finding that Lord Byron had chosen the same subject for a drama, and not wishing to come after such a rival, he determined to publish his sketch immediately, 'and thus,' says Mr. Moore, in his preface, 'by an earlier appearance in the literary horizon, give myself the chance of what astronomers call an *Heliacal rising*, before the luminary in whose light I was to be lost should appear.'

This is certainly a very elegant and a very high compliment to pay Lord Byron; but we know no poet that has less to fear from coming in contact with his lordship than the bard of Erin.

Of the nature and object of Mr. Moore's poem, he thus speaks in the preface:—

'As objections may be made, by persons whose opinions I respect, to the selection of a subject of this nature from the scripture, I think it right to remark that, in point of fact, the subject is *not* scriptural—the notion upon which it is founded (that of the love of Angels for women) having originated in an erroneous translation by the LXX. of that verse in the sixth chapter of Genesis, upon which the sole authority of the fable rests. The foundation of my story, therefore, has as little to do with Holy Writ, as have the dreams of the later Platonists, or the reveries of Jewish divines; and, in appro-

priating the notion thus to the uses of poetry, I have done no more than establish it in that region of fiction, to which the opinions of the most rational fathers, and of all other Christian theologians, have long ago consigned it.

'In addition to the fitness of the subject for poetry, it struck me also as capable of affording an allegorical medium, through which might be shadowed out (as I have endeavoured to do in the following stories,) the fall of the soul from its original purity—the loss of light and happiness which it suffers, in the pursuit of this world's perishable pleasures—and the punishments, both from conscience and divine justice, with which impurity, pride, and presumptuous inquiry into the awful secrets of God, are sure to be visited.'

We shall not quarrel with the equivocal title of this work, or its being founded on a fable; it is enough for us to know that it possesses all that impassioned diction, splendid imagery, and elegance of thought,—all that warmth of feeling and vividness of description, which distinguish the best productions of Mr. Moore. That it may be inferior to *Lalla Rookh*, we will not deny; but, if so, it is the only production of the sort by living authors to which it is inferior.

Mr. Moore has divided his poem into three stories, each of which is a distinct love tale; the heroes and heroines of which are the Angels and the daughters of Eve. In the first story the poet sometimes seems tame; but, towards the close of it, he gets animated with his subject, and in the second canto he revels in all his strength. His 'wonted fire' here shines forth in all its splendour, and he exhibits traits of a masterly genius. The opening stanzas of the volume possess much beauty:—

'Twas when the world was in its prime,
When the fresh stars had just begun
Their race of glory, and young Time
Told his first birth-days by the sun;
When, in the light of Nature's dawn
Rejoicing, men and angels met
On the high hill and sunny lawn,—
Ere sorrow came, or sin had drawn
Twixt man and heaven her curtain yet!
When earth lay nearer to the skies
Than in these days of crime and woe,
And mortals saw, without surprise,

In the mid-air, angelic eyes
Gazing upon this world below.

'Alas, that passion should profane,
Ev'n then, that morning of the earth!
That, sadder still, the fatal stain
Should fall on hearts of heav'nly birth—
And oh, that stain so dark should fall
From woman's love, most sad of all!

'One evening, in that time of bloom,
On a hill's side, where hung the ray
Of sunset, sleeping in perfume,
Three noble youths conversing lay;
And, as they look'd, from time to time,
To the fair sky, where daylight furl'd
His radiant wing, their brows sublime
Bespoke them of that distant world—
Creatures of light, such as still play,
Like motes in sunshine, round the Lord,
And through their infinite array
Transmit each moment, night and day,
The echo of his luminous word!
Of heaven they spoke, and, still more oft,
Of the bright eyes that charm'd them thence;
Till, yielding gradual to the soft
And balmy evening's influence—
The silent breathing of the flowers—
The melting light that beam'd above,
As on their first, fond, erring hours,
Each told the story of his love,
The history of that hour unblest,
When, like a bird from its high nest
Won down by fascinating eyes,
For woman's smile he lost the skies.'

The denouement of the first story is extremely beautiful. The term of the Angel's stay being flown, he thus addresses his Lea:—

'Oh, but to see that head recline
A minute on this trembling arm,
And those mild eyes look up to mine
Without a dread, a thought of harm!
To meet but once the thrilling touch
Of lips that are too fond to fear me—
Or, if that boon be all too much,
Ev'n thus to bring their fragrance near me!
Nay, shrink not so—a look—a word—
Give them but kindly and I fly;
Already, see, my plumes have stirr'd,
And tremble for their home on high.
Thus be our parting—cheek to cheek—
One minute's lapse will be forgiven,
And thou, the next, shalt hear me speak
The spell that plumes my wing for heaven!"

'While thus I spoke, the fearful maid,
Of me and of herself afraid,
Had shrieking stood, like flowers beneath
The scorching of the south wind's breath:
But when I nam'd—alas, too well,
I now recall, though wilder'd then,—
Instantly, when I nam'd the spell,
Her brow, her eyes uprose again,
And, with an eagerness, that spoke
The sudden light that o'er her broke,

'The spell, the spell!—oh, speak it now,
And I will bless thee!' she exclaim'd—
Unknowing what I did, inflam'd,
And lost already, on her brow

I stamp'd one burning kiss, and nam'd
The mystic word, till then ne'er told
To living creature of earth's mould!
Scarcely was it said, when, quick as thought,
Her lips from mine, like echo, caught
The holy sound—her hands and eyes
Were instant lifted to the skies,
And thrice to heaven she spoke it out

With that triumphant look Faith wears,
When not a cloud of fear or doubt,
A vapour from this vale of tears,
Between her and her God appears!

That very moment her whole frame
All bright and glorified became,
And at her back I saw unclosed
Two wings, magnificent as those

That sparkle round the eternal throne,
Whose plumes, as buoyantly she rose
Above me, in the moon-beam shone
With a pure light, which—from its hue,
Unknown upon this earth—I knew
Was light from Eden, glistening through!
Most holy vision! ne'er before

Did aught so radiant—since the day
When Lucifer, in falling, bore
The third of the bright stars away—
Rise, in earth's beauty, to repair
That loss of light and glory there!

The second Angel's story commences
with the creation of woman, which is
at once chaste and powerful—

"You both remember well the day
When unto Eden's new-made bowers,
He, whom all living things obey,
Summon'd his chief angelic powers
To witness the one wonder yet,

Beyond man, angel, star, or sun,
He must achieve, ere he could set
His seal upon the world, as done—
To see the last perfection rise,

That crowning of creation's birth,
When, mid the worship and surprise
Of circling angels, woman's eyes
First opened upon heaven and earth;

And from their lids a thrill was sent,
That through each living spirit went
Like first light through the firmament!

Can you forget how gradual stole
The fresh-awaken'd breath of soul
Throughout her perfect form—which seem'd
To grow transparent, as there beam'd
That dawn of mind within, and caught
New loveliness from each new thought?

Slow as o'er summer seas we trace
The progress of the noontide air,
Dimpling its bright and silent face
Each minute into some new grace,
And varying heaven's reflection there;

Or, like the light of evening, stealing,
O'er some fair temple, which all day
Hath slept in shadow, slow revealing
Its several beauties, ray by ray,
Till it shines out, a thing to bless,
All full of light and loveliness.

The Angel who thus describes the
charms of woman, supposed that the
daughters of Eve would inherit her
loveliness. The stars, those 'resplen-
dent heirs of space,' which he had ad-
mired and followed, seemed darkness
itself when he saw woman; and he who
had lately ranged—

'Worlds upon worlds, yet found his mind
Ev'n in that luminous range confined;
Now blest the humblest meanest sod
Of the dark earth where woman trod.'

The seductive charms of woman,
and their influence on man, are ele-
gantly expressed by the Angel:—

'I had seen this; had seen Man—arm'd
As his soul is with strength and sense—
By her first words to ruin charm'd;

His vaunted reason's cold defence,
Like an ice-barrier in the ray
Of melting summer, smil'd away!

Nay—stranger yet—spite of all this—
Though by her counsels taught to err,
Though driv'n from Paradise for her,
(And with her—that, at least, was bliss)

Had I not heard him, ere he crost
The threshold of that earthly heaven,
Which by her wildering smile he lost—
So quickly was the wrong forgiven—

Had I not heard him, as he prest
The frail fond trembler to a breast
Which she had doom'd to sin and strife,
Call her—think what—his Life! his Life *!
Yes—such the love-taught name—the first

That ruin'd Man to Woman gave,
Ev'n in his out-cast hour, when curst,
By her fond witchery, with that worst
And earliest boon of love—the grave!
She, who brought death into the world,
There stood before him, with the light
Of their lost Paradise still bright

Upon those sunny locks, that curl'd
Down her white shoulders to her feet—
So beautiful in form, so sweet

In heart and voice, as to redeem
The loss, the death of all things dear,
Except herself—and make it seem
Life, endless Life, while she was near!

The second Angel then visits the
earth, and soon meets with a maid—

'most fit
To be a bright young angel's love,
Herself so bright, so exquisite!
The pride, too, of her step, as light
Along the unconscious earth she went,
Seem'd that of one born with a right
To walk some heavenlier element,
And tread in places where her feet
A star at every step should meet'

Their loves are mutual; she wishes to
know the mysteries of the creation,
and he can withhold nothing from her.—

'Then, too, that passion, hourly growing
Stronger and stronger—to which even
Her love, at times, gave way—of knowing
Every thing strange in earth and heaven;

Not only what God loves to show,
But all that He hath seal'd below
In darkness, for man not to know—
Ev'n this desire, alas, ill-starr'd

And fatal as it was, I sought
To feed each minute, and unbar'd
Such realms of wonder on her thought,
As ne'er, till then, had let their light
Escape on any mortal's sight!

In the deep earth—beneath the sea—
Through caves of fire—through wilds of air—
Wherever sleeping Mystery

Had spread her curtain, we were there—
Love still beside us, as we went,
At home in each new element,
And sure of worship every where!

* 'Chavah, the name by which Adam called
the woman after their transgression, means
'Life.'

'Then first was Nature taught to lay
The wealth of all her kingdoms down
At woman's worshipp'd feet, and say,

"Bright creature, this is all thine own!"
Then first were diamonds caught—like eyes
Shining in darkness—by surprise,

And made to light the conquering way
Of proud young beauty with their ray.
Then, too, the pearl from out its shell

Unsightly, in the sunless sea,
As 'twere a spirit, (fore'd to dwell
In form unlovely) was set free,

And round the neck of woman threw
A light it lent and borrow'd too.
For never did this maid—whate'er

The ambition of the hour—forget
Her sex's pride in being fair,
Nor that adornment, tasteful, rare,

Which makes the mighty magnet, set
In woman's form, more mighty yet.
Nor was there aught within the range

Of my swift wing in sea or air,
Of beautiful, or grand, or strange,
That, quickly as her wish could change,

I did not seek, with such fond care,
That when I've seen her look above
At some bright star admiringly,

I've said "nay, look not there, my love,
Alas, I cannot give it thee!"

The maid Lilis has a dream, which
she relates to the Angel, from which
we quote a few passages, as introduc-
tory to the sequel. She says—

"Sudden I felt thee draw me near
To thy pure heart, where fondly plac'd,
I seem'd within the atmosphere
Of that exhaling light embrac'd;

"And, as thou heldst me there, the flame
Pass'd from thy heavenly soul to mine,
Till—oh, too blissful—I became,
Like thee, all spirit, all divine.

"Say, why did dream so bright come o'er me,
If, now I wake, 'tis faded, gone?
When will my cherub shine before me
Thus radiant, as in heaven he shone?"

"Too long have I look'd doating on
Those ardent eyes, intense ev'n thus—
Too near the stars themselves have gone,
To fear aught grand or luminous.

"Then, doubt me not—oh, who can say
But that this dream may yet come true,
And my blest spirit drink thy ray
Till it becomes all heavenly too?

"Let me this once but feel the flame
Of those spread wings, the very pride
Will change my nature, and this frame
By the mere touch be deified!"

The Angel yields to her request, and
the catastrophe is thus narrated:—

'Thus having (as, alas, deceiv'd
By my sin's blindness, I believ'd)
No cause for dread, and those black eyes

There fix'd upon me, eagerly
As if the' unlocking of the skies
Then waited but a sign from me—

How was I to refuse? how say
One word that in her heart could stir
A fear, a doubt, but that each ray

I brought from heaven belong'd to her!
Slow from her side I rose, while she
Stood up, too, mutely, tremblingly,
But not with fear—all hope, desire,

She waited for the awful boon,
Like priestesses, with eyes of fire,
Watching the rise of the full moon,

Whose beams—they know, yet cannot shun—
Will madden them when look'd upon!
Of all my glories, the bright crown,
Which, when I last from heaven came down,
I left—see, where those clouds afar
Sail through the west—there hangs it yet,
Shining remote, more like a star
Than a fall'n angel's coronet—
Of all my glories, this alone

Was wanting—but the' illumin'd brow,
The curls, like tendrils that had grown
Out of the sun—the eyes, that now
Had love's light added to their own,
And shed a blaze, before unknown
Ev'n to themselves—the' unfolded wings
From which, as from two radiant springs,
Sparkles fell fast around, like spray—
All I could bring of heav'n's array,

Of that rich panoply of charms
A cherub moves in, on the day
Of his best pomp, I now put on;
And, proud that in her eyes I shone
Thus glorious, glided to her arms,
Which still (though at a sight so splendid
Her dazzled brow had instantly
Sunk on her breast) were wide extended
To clasp the form she durst not see!

Great God! how could thy vengeance light
So bitterly on one so bright?
How could the hand, that gave such charms,
Blast them again, in love's own arms?
Scarce had I touch'd her shrinking frame,

When—oh, most horrible!—I felt
That every spark of that pure flame—
Pure, while among the stars I dwelt—
Was now by my transgression turn'd
Into gross, earthly fire, which burn'd,
Burn'd all it touch'd, as fast as eye

Could follow the fierce ravening flashes,
Till there—oh! God, I still ask why
Such doom was her's?—I saw her lie

Black'ning within my arms to ashes!
Those cheeks, a glory but to see—

Those lips, whose touch was what the first
Fresh cup of immortality

Is to a new-made angel's thirst!
Those arms, within whose gentle round,
My heart's horizon, the whole bound
Of its hope, prospect, heaven was found!
Which, ev'n in this dread moment, fond

As when they first were round me cast,
Loos'd not in death the fatal bond,

But, burning, held me to the last—
That hair, from under whose dark veil,
The snowy neck, like a white sail
At moonlight seen 'twixt wave and wave,
Shone out by gleams—that hair, to save

But one of whose long glossy wreaths,
I could have died ten thousand deaths!—
All, all, that seem'd, one minute since,
So full of love's own redolence,

Now, parch'd and black, before me lay,
Withering in agony away;
And mine, oh misery; mine the flame,
From which this desolation came—

And I the fiend, whose foul caress
Had blasted all that loveliness!

'Twas madd'ning, 'twas—but hear even worse
Had death, death only, been the curse

I brought upon her—had the doom
But ended here, when her young bloom

Lay in the dust, and did the spirit
No part of that fell curse inherit,

'Twere not so dreadful—but, come near—
Too shocking 'tis for earth to hear—

Just when her eyes, in fading, took
Their last, keen, agoniz'd farewell,

And look'd in mine with—oh, that look!
Avenging Power, whate'er the hell

Thou may'st to human souls assign,
The memory of that look is mine!—
In her last struggle, on my brow
Her ashy lips a kiss imprest,
So withering!—I feel it now—

'Twas fire—but fire, ev'n more unblest
Than was my own, and like that flame,
The angels shudder to name,
Hell's everlasting element!

Deep, deep it pierc'd into my brain,
Madd'ning and torturing as it went,

And here—see here, the mark, the stain
It left upon my front—burnt in
By that last kiss of love and sin—
A brand, which ev'n the wreathed pride
Of these bright curls, still forc'd aside
By its foul contact, cannot hide!

This is the most brilliant portion of
the whole poem, and we will not wea-
ken its effect either by comment or by
noticing the third Angel's story; which
is a tale of innocent love, but is much
inferior in spirit to the one which we
have noticed, and which does honour
even to the genius of Mr. Moore.

History of the Peninsular War. By
R. Southey, Esq. L. L. D. Vol. I.
(Concluded from p. 804.)

IN our notice of this work, we stated
what we conceived to be Dr. Southey's
merits and faults as an historian; we
also gave such extracts as we conceived
necessary to illustrate both; we shall
now, therefore, select a few more of the
most striking passages from this inte-
resting volume, for such every one
who reads it must consider it; inte-
resting not merely as a history of the
events it records, but as exhibiting a
view of the manners and feelings of the
people, and the share they had in those
events.

In the account of Junot's proceed-
ings at Lisbon, Dr. Southey gives an
instance of the suspicious apprehen-
sions with which the French and the
inhabitants of Lisbon mutually regard-
ed each other. This was particularly
manifested on the day of the annual
procession of the Corpo de Deos:—

'In the days of Joam V. this had been
the most splendid display which the Ca-
tholic religion exhibited in Europe; and
though, in latter years, the management
had been less perfect, and there had been
some diminution of its splendour, it was
still a spectacle of unrivalled magnificence
and riches. The streets of the capital on
that occasion, and that only, were cleaned
and strewed with fine gravel; the houses
were hung with damask; the troops in
their new uniforms, the various compa-
nies and brotherhoods, civil and religious,
each with their banners, the knights of the
military orders, and all the monks and
friars of Lisbon, moved in the procession;
which was closed by the dignitaries of the
patriarchal church, the Prince in person,
and the chief persons of his court, follow-

ing the great object of Catholic adoration,
which, on that day, and that day only, was
actually carried abroad. The most re-
markable object in this pompous display
used to be an image of St. George in com-
plete armour, upon a beautiful horse, led
by a squire and supported by pages on
each side, and accompanied by the finest
horses from the royal stables, with rich
 housings, and escutcheons thrown across
their saddles. These horses and the saint
had formed part of the procession from the
year 1387, with one interruption only,
early in the seventeenth century, when,
at the instigation of a certain Mordomo,
the Archbishop of Lisbon excluded the
horses, as thinking it irreverent that the
Real Presence should be preceded by un-
reasonable creatures. St. George's charger
alone was excepted from the prohibition;
but, in the midst of the procession, that
charger suddenly stopped, and could nei-
ther be induced nor compelled to pro-
ceed; it was not doubted that the rider
had chosen this means to manifest his dis-
pleasure at the privation of his accus-
tomed train; the archbishop revoked his or-
der upon the spot, and when the horses
were introduced as usual, St. George con-
sented to move forward, and the ceremo-
ny of the day was concluded with more
than wonted satisfaction. The profane
Mordomo, however, was not forgiven: on
the following Sunday, when he was saying
mass at the saint's altar, St. George let the
spear drop from his hand upon the of-
fender's head.

'The image which performed this mira-
cle, after appearing annually in the pro-
cession during more than 350 years, was
destroyed by fire at the time of the great
earthquake. A new one, however, had
been substituted, which succeeded to all
the honours and miraculous properties of
its predecessor. One of the finest horses
which could be found in Portugal was se-
lected to bear the saint in the great pro-
cession, and reserved for that single pur-
pose, as if any other would have desecrat-
ed it. Junot had taken St. George's
horse for himself, and rode it every Sun-
day when he reviewed his troops. And
this year, for the first time, St. George
was not to bear a part in the pageant: the
reason which the French assigned for ex-
cluding him was, that he could not appear
with his usual splendour, because the jew-
els of the Cadaval family, which he always
wore in his hat on that day, had been
taken to Brazil when the court emigrated.
Other motives were imagined by the Por-
tuguese: when the saint returned, after
the fatigues of the day, a royal present had
always been allotted him; it was thought
that the French wished to spare themselves
this expense. They were carrying on
works within the circuit of the castle which
were designed to command the city, and
render the place defensible against the
English and the Portuguese themselves;
these works were carried on secretly; but
it was part of the ceremony that St. George
should enter the castle, and in that case

his retinue would have observed what was going on. Lastly, the people said that the French did not choose to let St. George go into public because he was an English saint.

'In all other things Junot wished the Lisboners to see that the spectacle had lost nothing of its wonted splendour. The procession had performed half its course, when a sudden alarm arose, occasioned, it is said, by a thief, who, being detected in some petty larceny, cried out, in the hope of exciting confusion and effecting his escape, that the English were crossing the bar. A general tumult ensued; some of the French formed, as if expecting immediately to be attacked,—others hurried to their posts with a celerity which was absurdly attributed to fear instead of promptitude; a crowd rushed into the church of S. Domingos for sanctuary, from whence the chapter of the patriarchal church were just about to proceed with the pix, in which the Romish mystery of impanation, the object of that day's superstition, was contained. Some of the insignia, which were to form a part of the show, were thrown down and broken in the rush, and the clergy hastened to secure themselves, each where he could. Not the mob alone, but the persons who were to form the procession, priests, monks, ministers, and knights in the habiliments of their orders, took to flight; communities and brotherhoods forsook their banners and their crosses; here and there only an aged friar or sacristan was seen, in whom the sense of devotion was stronger than fear, and who remained in his place, thinking that if he were now to die, it were best to perish at his station and in his duty. Wherever a door was open, the terrified people ran in, as if flying from an actual massacre; the great streets and the Rocio were presently deserted, and the pavement was strewn with hats, cloaks, and shoes, lost in the confusion. Fewer accidents occurred than might have been expected in such a scene; the alarm abated when it was ascertained that the British fleet was not entering; and when the cause of the disturbance was discovered, the broken parts of the procession were brought together as soon as possible, and Junot with his generals closed it, in place of the Prince Regent and his court.'

Dr. Southey gives a melancholy, and, for the honour of human nature, we would hope, an exaggerated account of the massacre of the French prisoners at Leiria. The French General Margaron, in a proclamation to the inhabitants, boasted of his clemency:—

"Sepulchres of Leiria," exclaims the Portuguese historian of these events, "prove ye the falsehood with which these robbers, as cruel as they are perfidious, have deceived the world!" What they have not related is now to be recorded. It is not dissembled by the Portuguese that the defence was as feeble and as momentary as the enemy describe it. They

entered the city on all sides, and began an indiscriminate butchery; old and young, women and babes, were butchered in the streets, in the houses, in the churches, in the fields. The most atrocious acts of cruelty were committed, and not by the common soldiers only. One of the superior officers related of himself, that a feeling of pity came over him, when, upon entering the town, he met a woman with an infant at her breast, but calling to mind that he was a soldier, he pierced mother and child with one thrust! Free scope was given to every abominable passion; and, in the general pillage, the very graves were opened, upon the supposition that treasure might have been hidden there, as in a place where no plunderer would look to find it. When the slaughter in the streets had ceased, they began to hunt for prisoners, and all who were found were taken to an open space before the chapel of S. Bartholomew, there to be put to death like the prisoners at Jaffa. The greater number of these poor wretches fell on their knees, some stretching their hands in unavailing agony towards their murderers for mercy; others, lifting them to Heaven, directed their last prayers where mercy would be found. The murderers, as if they delighted in the act of butchery, began their work with the sword and bayonet and the butt-end of the musket, and finished it by firing upon their victims.'

'Two persons were left alive when the French thought their accursed work was done. One of them lingered three days before he was relieved by death. Feliz Lourenço, the surveyor of the high road, was the other. "He," says Neves, (writing in 1811,) "still lives—but in what a condition! With his body and face disfigured by the marks of powder, and the scars of eight and twenty bayonet-wounds; with his left eye struck out by a ball, the bones of his right shoulder broken, the tendons rendered useless, and the hand paralyzed. It is from himself that I have received the details of this frightful transaction, of which there exists no other witness, except the murderers themselves."

The brilliant career of the Duke of Wellington, since the commencement of the Peninsular campaign, is sufficiently known; we shall, therefore, quote the following brief outline of his early services:—

'Arthur Wellesley, fourth son of Viscount Wellesley, Earl of Mornington, was born in the year 1769, at Dengan Castle, in Ireland, the seat of his ancestors. After having been a short time at Eton, he was removed, while very young, to the military academy at Angers; for there was not at that time any institution in Great Britain wherein tactics were taught, and the youth who meant to follow the military profession was obliged to go to France if he wished to learn the elements of war. He obtained his first commission about the age of eighteen, in the 41st regiment; and, after a series of exchanges and pro-

motions, his elder brother, afterwards, Marquis Wellesley, purchased for him the lieutenant-colonelcy of the 33rd, in 1793. He conducted himself in the disastrous retreat from Holland so as to obtain much praise from military men. In 1795 he embarked for service in the West Indies, but, being providentially driven back by storms, his destination was altered. In 1797 he went out to India with his brother, Lord Mornington, then Governor-General; there he distinguished himself in the war against Tippoo, and being appointed Governor of Seringapatam after the capture of that city, and one of the commissioners for disposing of the conquered territories, he discharged his arduous duties in such manner as to deserve and obtain the gratitude of the conquered people. In the subsequent war against the Mahrattas, he commanded at the battle of Assye, against an army exceeding his own number in the proportion of ten to one; and whose disciplined troops, under French officers, more than doubled the British force. The action was severe beyond all former example in India: having won the enemy's artillery, consisting of an hundred pieces, which were served with perfect skill, he had to take them a second time with the bayonet, when men, who had feigned death, rose from the ground and turned them upon the conquerors as they pressed forward in pursuit. The victory was decisive; the success was followed up, and, at the close of that triumphant war, a monument in honour of the battle was erected at Calcutta: the inhabitants of that city presented him with a sword, and his own officers with a golden vase; the thanks of Parliament were voted him, and he was made a Knight Companion of the Bath. He returned to England in 1805; took his seat in the House of Commons the ensuing year, as member for Newport, in the Isle of Wight, and in 1807 was appointed Chief Secretary in Ireland. But his military services were soon required; he accompanied Lord Cathcart in the expedition against Copenhagen, and commanded in the only affair of importance which took place. He was now to be tried in more arduous undertakings; and such was the repute in which his talents were held, that when the armament for the Peninsula was placed under his command, the opinion both of the army and of the public entirely accorded with the choice which government had made.'

We find we are quoting more than our limits will allow, we shall, therefore, draw to a close; we have a very striking and curious anecdote, relating to the horses in the island of Funen. It will be recollected that a body of Spaniards, under the Marquis of Romana, were serving as allies of France in the island of Funen, and which were got off by the agency of the British:—

'Two of the regiments which had been quartered in Funen were cavalry, mount-

ed on the
sian horse
off these
and Ron
der them
fall into
fond of h
man was
carried h
bridles, t
were tun
they mo
country
feeding
sued, su
witness
mutilate
they we
human p
in which
had lea
squadro
closely
feet, an
with the
pling ov
till the
an hour
abled.
on a risi
no soon
than the
interme
contagio
with eq
was, it
plated,
for dest
dangere
last bo
horses
gaged i
structio

Dr.
count
have on
ral Sir
fell in

'The
tle was
was th
every o
and he
it was
feated.
of Eng
country
dressing
his frie
and-two
derson,
ed to
friends
thing.
voice f
tated,
her. S
in an
strong,
dying.
pain."

derson'

ed on the fine, black, long-tailed, Andalusian horses. It was impracticable to bring off these horses, about 1100 in number; and Romana was not a man who could order them to be destroyed lest they should fall into the hands of the French: he was fond of horses himself, and knew that every man was attached to the beast which had carried him so far and so faithfully. Their bridles, therefore, were taken off, and they were turned loose upon the beach. As they moved off, they passed some of the country horses and mares, which were feeding at a little distance. A scene ensued, such as probably never before was witnessed. The Spanish horses are not mutilated, and these were sensible that they were no longer under any restraint of human power. A general conflict ensued, in which, retaining the discipline that they had learnt, they charged each other in squadrons of ten or twenty together; then closely engaged, striking with their forefeet, and biting and tearing each other with the most ferocious rage, and trampling over those which were beaten down, till the shore, in the course of a quarter of an hour, was strewn with the dead and disabled. Part of them had been set free on a rising ground at some distance; they no sooner heard the roar of the battle than they came thundering down over the intermediate hedges, and, catching the contagious madness, plunged into the fight with equal fury. Sublime as the scene was, it was too horrible to be long contemplated, and Romana in mercy, gave orders for destroying them; but it was found too dangerous to attempt this; and, after the last boats quitted the beach, the few horses that remained were seen still engaged in the dreadful work of mutual destruction.

Dr. Southey gives an interesting account of the battle of Corunna; we have only room for the death of General Sir John Moore, who, like Wolfe, fell in the moment of victory:—

“The General lived to hear that the battle was won. “Are the French beaten?” was the question which he repeated to every one who came into his apartment; and he expressed how great a satisfaction it was to him to know that they were defeated. “I hope,” he said, “the people of England will be satisfied! I hope my country will do me justice.” Then, addressing Colonel Anderson, who had been his friend and companion in arms for one-and-twenty years, he said to him, “Anderson, you know that I have always wished to die this way.—You will see my friends as soon as you can; tell them every thing. Say to my mother”—But here his voice failed, he became excessively agitated, and did not again venture to name her. Sometimes he asked to be placed in an easier posture. “I feel myself so strong,” he said, “I fear I shall be long dying. It is great uneasiness—it is great pain.” But, after a while, he pressed Anderson’s hand close to his body, and, in a

few minutes, died without a struggle. He fell, as it had ever been his wish to do, in battle and in victory. No man was more beloved in private life, nor was there any general in the British army so universally respected. All men thought him worthy of the chief command. Had he been less circumspect, had he looked more ardently forward, and less anxiously around him, and on all sides, and behind; had he been more confident in himself and in his army, and impressed with less respect for the French generals, he would have been more equal to the difficulties of his situation. Despondency was the radical weakness of his mind. Personally he was as brave a man as ever met death in the field; but he wanted faith in British courage, and it is faith by which miracles are wrought in war as well as in religion. But let it ever be remembered with gratitude, that, when some of his general officers advised him to conclude the retreat by a capitulation, Sir John Moore preserved the honour of England.”

A Second Series of the Curiosities of Literature. By J. D’Israeli, Esq.

(Continued from p. 809)

As we have nothing more to say of this work, critically, and have not much room for extract, we shall only quote one entire article, entitled the—

“*Secret History of the Death of Queen Elizabeth.*—It is an extraordinary circumstance in our history, that the succession to the English dominion, in two remarkable cases, was never settled by the possessors of the throne themselves during their lifetime; and that there is every reason to believe this mighty transfer of three kingdoms became the sole act of their ministers, who considered the succession merely as a state expedient. Two of our most able sovereigns found themselves in this predicament; Queen Elizabeth and the Protector Cromwell! Cromwell probably had his reasons not to name his successor; his positive election would have dissatisfied the opposite parties of his government, whom he only ruled while he was able to cajole them. He must have been aware that latterly he had need of conciliating all parties to his usurpation, and was probably as doubtful on his death-bed whom to appoint his successor, as at any other period of his reign. Ludlow suspects that Cromwell was “so discomposed in body or mind, that he could not attend to that matter; and whether he named any one to me is uncertain.” All that we know is the report of the secretary Thurlow and his chaplains, who, when the protector lay in his last agonies, suggested to him the propriety of choosing his eldest son, and they tell us that he agreed to this choice. Had Cromwell been in his senses, he would probably have fixed on Henry, the lord lieutenant of Ireland, rather than on Richard, or possibly had not chosen either of his sons!

“Elizabeth, from womanish infirmity, or from state-reasons, could not endure the thoughts of her successor; and long threw into jeopardy the politics of all the cabinets of Europe, each of whom had their favourite candidate to support. The legitimate heir to the throne of England was to be the creature of her breath, yet Elizabeth would not speak him into existence! This had, however, often raised the discontents of the nation, and we shall see how it harassed the queen in her dying hours. It is even suspected that the queen still retained so much of the woman, that she never could overcome her perverse dislike to name a successor, so that, according to this opinion, she died and left the crown to the mercy of a party! This would have been acting unworthy of the magnanimity of her great character—and as it is ascertained that the queen was very sensible that she lay in a dying state several days before the natural catastrophe occurred, it is difficult to believe that she totally disregarded so important a circumstance. It is, therefore, reasoning *a priori*, most natural to conclude, that the choice of a successor must have occupied her thoughts, as well as the anxieties of her ministers; and that she would not have left the throne in the same unsettled state at her death as she had persevered in during her whole life. How did she express herself when bequeathing the crown to James the First, or did she bequeath it at all?

“In the popular pages of her female historian, Miss Aikin has observed, that “the closing scene of the long and eventful life of Queen Elizabeth was marked by that peculiarity of character and destiny which attended her from the cradle, and pursued her to the grave.” The last days of Elizabeth were, indeed, most melancholy—she died a victim of the higher passions, and perhaps as much of grief as of age, refusing all remedies and even nourishment. But, in all the published accounts, I can nowhere discover how she conducted herself respecting the circumstance of our present inquiry. The most detailed narrative, or, as Gray the poet calls it, “the Earl of Monmouth’s odd account of Queen Elizabeth’s death,” is the one most deserving notice; and there we find the circumstance of this inquiry introduced. The queen, at that moment, was reduced to so sad a state, that it is doubtful whether her majesty was at all sensible of the inquiries put to her by her ministers respecting the succession. The Earl of Monmouth says, “on Wednesday, the 23d of March, she grew speechless. That afternoon, by signs, she called for her council, and, by putting her hand to her head when the king of Scots was named to succeed her, they all knew he was the man she desired should reign after her.” Such a sign as that of a dying woman putting her hand to her head was, to say the least, a very ambiguous title of the right of the Scottish monarch to the English throne. The “odd” but very *naïve* account of Ro-

bert Cary, afterwards Earl of Monmouth, is not furnished with dates, nor with the exactness of a diary. Something might have occurred on a preceding day which had not reached him. Camden describes the death-bed scene of Elizabeth; by this authentic writer it appears that she had confided her state-secret of the succession to the lord admiral (the Earl of Nottingham); and when the earl found the queen almost at her extremity, *he communicated her majesty's secret to the council*, who commissioned the lord admiral, the lord keeper, and the secretary, to wait on her majesty, and acquaint her that they came in the name of the rest, to learn her pleasure in reference to *the succession*. The queen was then very weak, and answered them with a faint voice, that she had already declared, that as she held a regal sceptre, so she desired no other than a royal successor. When the secretary requested her to explain herself, the queen said, "I would have a king succeed me; and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?" Here this state-conversation was put an end to by the interference of the archbishop advising her majesty to turn her thoughts to God. "Never," she replied, "has my mind wandered from him."

An historian of Camden's high integrity would hardly have forged a fiction to please the new monarch; yet Camden has not been referred to on this occasion by the exact Birch, who draws his information from the letters of the French ambassador, Villeroy; information which, it appears, the English ministers had confided to this ambassador; nor do we get any distinct ideas from Elizabeth's more recent popular historian, who could only transcribe the account of Carey. He had told us a fact which he could not be mistaken in, that the queen fell speechless on Wednesday, 23d of March, on which day, however, she called her council, and made that sign with her hand, which, as the lords chose to understand, for ever united the two kingdoms. But the noble editor of Cary's Memoirs (the Earl of Cork and Orrery), has observed, that "the speeches made for Elizabeth on her death-bed are all forged." Echard, Rapin, and a long string of historians, make her say faintly (so faintly indeed that it could not possibly be heard), "I will that a king succeed me, and who should that be but my nearest kinsman, the king of Scots?" A different account of this matter will be found in the following memoirs, "She was speechless, and almost expiring, when the chief counsellors of state were called into her bed-chamber. As soon as they were perfectly convinced that she could not utter an articulate word, and scarce could hear or understand one, they named the king of Scots to her, *a liberty they dared not to have taken if she had been able to speak*: she put her hand to her head, which was probably at that time in agonizing pain. *The lords, who interpreted her signs just as they pleased*

were immediately convinced that the *motion of her hand to her head was a declaration of James the Sixth as her successor*. What was this but the unanimous interpretations of persons who were adoring the rising sun?"

"This is lively and plausible; but the noble editor did not recollect that "the speeches made by Elizabeth on her death-bed," which he deems "forgeries," in consequence of the circumstance he had found in Cary's Memoirs, originate with Camden, and were only repeated by Rapin and Echard, &c. I am now to confirm the narrative of the elder historian, as well as the circumstance related by Cary, describing the sign of the queen a little differently, which happened on Wednesday 23d. A hitherto unnoticed document pretends to give a fuller and more circumstantial account of this affair, which commenced on *the preceding day*, when the queen retained the power of speech; and it will be confessed that the language here used has all that loftiness and concision which was the natural style of this queen. I have discovered a curious document in a manuscript volume formerly in the possession of Petyt, and seemingly his own hand-writing. I do not doubt its authenticity, and it could only have come from some of the illustrious personages who were the actors in that solemn scene, probably Cecil. This memorandum is entitled,

"Account of the last words of Queen Elizabeth about her successor.

"On the Tuesday before her death, being the twenty-third of March, the admiral being on the right side of her bed, the lord keeper on the left, and Mr. Secretary Cecil (afterwards Earl of Salisbury), at the bed's feet, all standing, the lord admiral put her in mind of her speech concerning the succession had at Whitehall, and that they, in the name of all the rest of her council, came unto her to know her pleasure who should succeed; whereunto she thus replied:

"*I told you my seat had been the seat of kings, and I will have no rascal to succeed me. And who should succeed me but a king?*

"The lords not understanding this dark speech, and looking one on the other; at length Mr. Secretary boldly asked her what she meant by those words, that *no rascal should succeed her*. Whereunto she replied, that *her meaning was, that a king should succeed; and who*, quoth she, *should that be but our cousin of Scotland?*

"They asked her whether that were her absolute resolution? whereunto she answered, *I pray you trouble me no more; for I will have none but him*. With which answer they departed.

"Notwithstanding, after again, about four o'clock in the afternoon the next day, being Wednesday, after the Archbishop of Canterbury and other divines had been with her, and left her in a manner speechless, the three lords aforesaid repaired unto her again, asking her if she remained

in her former resolution, and who should succeed her? but not being able to speak, was asked by Mr. Secretary in this sort, 'We beseech your majesty, if you remain in your former resolution, and that you would have the King of Scots to succeed you in your kingdom, show some sign unto us: whereat, *suddenly heaving herself upwards in her bed, and putting her arms out of bed, she held her hands jointly over her head in manner of a crown*; whence, as they guessed, she signified that she did not only wish him the kingdom, but desire continuance of his estate; after which they departed, and the next morning she died. Immediately after her death, all the lords, as well of the council as other noblemen that were at the court, came from Richmond to Whitehall, by six o'clock in the morning, where other noblemen that were in London met them. Touching the succession, after some speeches of divers competitors and matters of state, at length the admiral rehearsed all the aforesaid premises which the late queen had spoken to him and to the lord keeper and Mr. Secretary (Cecil), with the manner thereof; which they being asked, did affirm to be true, upon their honour."

"Such is this singular document of secret history. I cannot but value it as authentic, because the one part is evidently alluded to by Camden, and the other is fully confirmed by Cary; and, besides this, the remarkable expression of "rascal" is found in the letter of the French ambassador. There were two interviews with the queen, and Cary appears only to have noticed the last on Wednesday, when the queen lay speechless. Elizabeth, all her life, had persevered in an obstinate mysteriousness respecting the succession, and it harassed her latest moments. The second interview of her ministers may seem to us quite supernumerary; but Cary's "putting her hand to her head," too meanly describes the "joining her hands in manner of a crown."

The First Tour of Dr. Syntax. With 31 Coloured Plates. 12mo. pp. 276. London, 1823.

ALL the Tours of Dr. Syntax are so well known, and so much admired, that it is now unnecessary to say one word on merits which have been universally acknowledged. We cannot, however, see the First Tour (which never was dear, considering the numerous engravings,) appear in a pocket volume, and at a price which places it within the reach of almost every person, without expressing our thanks to Mr. Ackerman for thus cheapening the work, which must add materially to its already extended circulation. We have only to add that the engravings, though reduced in size, have all the spirit of the originals.

A His
Visi
Edi
A ROY
era in
which
forget
attend
record
of a ne
ing co
collect
fore us
to whi
lished
tive of
Zaphn
Isab
don
THIS
on a n
hama
verse
Templ
3 vo
Mr.
'Knig
Bon T
spoke
'Tem
lead o
his for
consid
ture, a
teresti
tions
gener
A Co
ada
Ale
Ed
Mr. I
mathe
merit.
of ren
gible,
of sci
down
with e
suration
and F
tary
strong
Sketch
Can
182
MUCH
ject o
will b
specu
in fav
candic
tages

A Historical Account of His Majesty's Visit to Scotland. 8vo. pp. 338. Edinburgh, 1822.

A ROYAL visit to Scotland marks an era in the history of the 19th century, which no leal Scotsman will readily forget; and there were circumstances attending it worthy of more permanent record than the perishable columns of a newspaper. Every thing interesting connected with this event has been collected together in the volume before us, including the poetical effusions to which it gave rise, which is embellished with several engravings illustrative of the most striking scenes.

Zaphna; or the Amulet: a Poem. By Isabella Hill. 12mo. pp. 94. London, 1822.

THIS pleasing little poem is founded on a note to Southey's 'Curse of Kehama;' the story is interesting, and the verse harmonious.

Temptation, a Novel. By Leigh Cliffe. 3 vols. 12mo. London, 1823.

MR. CLIFFE is the author of the 'Knights of Ritzberg' and 'Supreme Bon Ton,' two novels of which we have spoken favourably; his last work, 'Temptation,' into which we will not lead our readers, is superior to either of his former productions; and discovers considerable knowledge of human nature, and has some very comic and interesting scenes; some of the descriptions are animated, and the diction is, generally, pleasing and correct.

A Concise System of Mensuration, adapted to the Use of Schools. By Alex. Ingram. 12mo. pp. 323. Edinburgh, 1822.

MR. INGRAM is the author of several mathematical works of considerable merit. He possesses a happy talent of rendering abstruse subjects intelligible, and, by thus smoothing the hills of science, enabling students to pass down them, not only with rapidity but with ease. The present work on Mensuration, which embraces also Algebra and Fluxions, is an excellent elementary treatise, which cannot be too strongly recommended.

Sketches of Plans for Settling in Upper Canada. 8vo. pp. 53. London, 1822.

MUCH useful information on the subject of colonizing Canada, which it will be well for the emigrant and speculator to consult. The author is in favour of emigration, and he states candidly what he conceives its advantages and disadvantages.

The Chronicles of Eri. By O'Connor. (Concluded from p. 468)

WE have already noticed this very singular and curious work at some length; for a work written in the age of Moses and recording events of that period, cannot but be considered as a very singular curiosity. The only question is, as to its authenticity, and this Mr. O'Connor has pretty satisfactorily established in his preliminary dissertations, which are written with great ability, and display considerable erudition. As illustrating the history of the nations who preceded the Greeks and Romans it is interesting, and as a literary relic of singular rarity it is valuable.

Letters from a Lady to her Niece: containing Practical Hints intended to direct the Female Mind to Virtue and Happiness. 12mo. pp. 142. Edinburgh, 1822.

A PRETTY little holiday present, well calculated to instil the principles of virtue and morality into the minds of the rising generation.

—
NAPOLEON'S MEMOIRS AND LAS CASES' JOURNAL.

Two highly interesting works under the above titles, have just issued from the press; but, as we could not do justice to them in a single number, and we are too well convinced of the approbation our plan of making every volume complete in itself has met with, to violate it, we shall defer our review of them to our next number. In the mean time, we detach a few anecdotes from these volumes that our readers may have some 'spice of their quality.'

Family of Bonaparte.—'The genealogy of the Bonapartes presents a fact which is certainly of a very singular nature: it is that of the first Bonaparte having been exiled from his country as a *Ghibeline*. Was it, then, the destiny of this family, in all times, and at every epoch, that it must yield to the malignant influence of the *Guelfs*!

Napoleon's Youth.—'Napoleon was scarcely eighteen years of age when the Abbey Raynal, struck with the extent of his acquirements, appreciated his merit so highly as to make him one of the ornaments of his scientific *dejeunés*. Finally, the celebrated Paoli, who had long inspired Napoleon with a sort of veneration, and who found that the latter had headed a party against him, whenever he showed himself favourable to the English, was accustomed to say—"This young man is formed on the ancient model. He is one of Plutarch's men."

'Many individuals, who knew him at an early period of life, foresaw his extraor-

dinary career: and they viewed the events of his life without astonishment. At an early age he gained anonymously a prize at the Academy of Lyons, on the following question, proposed by Raynal:—"What are the principles and institutions calculated to advance mankind to the highest possible degree of happiness?" The anonymous memorial excited great attention; it is perfectly in unison with the ideas of the age. It began by inquiring in what happiness consisted; and the answer was, in the perfect enjoyment of life in the manner most conformable with our moral and physical organization. After he became Emperor, Napoleon was one day conversing on this subject with M. de Talleyrand; the latter, like a skilful courtier, shortly after presented to him the famous memorial, which he had procured from the archives of the Academy of Lyons. The Emperor took it, and, after reading a few pages, threw into the fire this first production of his youth, saying, "One can never observe every thing." M. de Talleyrand had not an opportunity of transcribing it.

'It would appear, that from his earliest childhood his parents rested all their hopes on him. His father, when on his death-bed at Montpellier, though Joseph was beside him, spoke only of Napoleon, who was then at the military school. In the delirium with which he was seized in his last moments, he incessantly called Napoleon to come to his aid with his *great sword*. The grand uncle, Lucien, who on his death-bed was surrounded by all his relatives, said, addressing himself to Joseph, "You are the eldest of the family; but there is the head of it (pointing to Napoleon). Never lose sight of him." The Emperor used to laugh and say, "This was a true disinheritance: it was the scene of Jacob and Esau."

'Circumstances and reflection have considerably modified his character. Even his style of expression, now so concise and laconic, was in his youth diffuse and emphatic. At the time of the Legislative Assembly, Napoleon assumed a serious and severe demeanour, and became less communicative than before. The Army of Italy also marked another epoch in his character. His extreme youth, when he went to take the command of the army, rendered it necessary that he should evince great reserve, and the utmost strictness of morals.—"This was indispensably necessary," said he, "to enable me to command men so much above me in point of age. I pursued a line of conduct truly irreproachable and exemplary. I proved myself a sort of Cato. I must have appeared such in the eyes of all. I was a philosopher and a sage." In this character he appeared on the theatre of the world.

Marshal Junot.—'During the erection of one of the first batteries which Napoleon, on his arrival at Toulon, directed against the English, he asked whether there was a serjeant or corporal present who could write. A man advanced from the ranks,

and wrote to his dictation on the epaulement. The note was scarcely ended when a cannon ball, which had been fired in the direction of the battery, fell near the spot, and the paper was immediately covered by the loose earth thrown up by the ball. "Well," said the writer, "I shall have no need of sand." This remark, together with the coolness with which it was made, fixed the attention of Napoleon, and made the fortune of the serjeant. This man was Junot, afterwards Duke of Abrantes.

The Republic.—'The poverty of the treasurer and the scarcity of specie were so great during the Republic, that on the departure of General Bonaparte for the army of Italy, all his efforts, joined to those of the Directory, could only succeed in raising 2000 louis, which he carried with him in his carriage. With this sum he set out to conquer Italy, and to march upon the empire of the world. The following is a curious fact:—An order of the day was published, signed Berthier, directing the General-in-Chief, on his arrival at the head-quarters at Nice, to distribute to the different generals, to enable them to enter on the campaign, the sum of four louis in specie. For a considerable time no such thing as specie had been seen.

Pichegru.—'Napoleon retained but a faint idea of Pichegru; he remembered that he was a tall man, rather red in the face. Pichegru, on the contrary, seems to have preserved a striking recollection of young Napoleon. When Pichegru joined the royalist party, he was asked whether it would not be possible to gain over the General-in-Chief of the army of Italy. "To attempt that would only be wasting time," said he: "from my knowledge of him, when a boy, I am sure he must be a most inflexible character: he has taken his resolutions, and he will not change them."

Disinterestedness.—'Napoleon's generalship was characterised by the skill, energy, and purity of his military administration; his constant dislike of peculation of any kind, and his total disregard of his own private interest. "I returned from the campaign of Italy," said he, "with but 300,000 francs in my possession. I might easily have carried off ten or twelve millions; that sum might have been mine. I never made out any accounts, nor was I ever asked for any. I expected, on my return, to receive some great national reward. It was publicly reported that Chambord was to be given to me, and I should have been very glad to have had it; but the idea was set aside by the Directory. I had, however, transmitted to France at least 50,000,000 for the service of the state. This, I imagine, was the first instance in modern history of an army contributing to maintain the country to which it belonged, instead of being a burden on it."

'No man in the world ever had more wealth at his disposal, and appropriated less to himself. Napoleon, according to his own account, possessed as much as

four hundred millions of specie in the cellars of the Tuilleries. His extraordinary domain amounted to more than seven hundred millions. He has said that he distributed upwards of five hundred millions in endowments to the army. And, what is very extraordinary, he who circulated such heaps of wealth, never possessed any private property of his own! He had collected in the Museum, treasures which it was impossible to estimate, and yet he never had a picture or a curiosity of his own. The fact is, as he himself has said, that he never had a taste nor a desire for riches.

Siege of St. Jean D'Acre.—'Napoleon received, during the siege of Saint Jean d'Acre, an affecting proof of heroic devotedness. While he was in the trenches, a shell fell at his feet; two grenadiers who observed it, immediately rushed towards him, placed him between them, and raising their arms above his head completely covered every part of his body. Happily the shell respected the whole group—nobody was injured.'

Dumesnil.—'One of these brave grenadiers afterwards became General Dumesnil, who lost a leg in the campaign of Moscow, and commanded the fortress of Vincennes at the time of the invasion in 1814. The capital had been for some weeks occupied by the Allies, and Dumesnil still held out. Nothing was then talked of in Paris but his obstinate defence, and his humorous reply, when summoned by the Russians, to surrender; "Give me back my leg, and I will give up my fortress."

Followers of Napoleon.—'In viewing the complicated circumstances of his fall, he looks upon things so much in a mass, and from so high a point, that individuals escape his notice. He never evinces the least symptom of virulence towards those of whom it might be supposed he has the greatest reason to complain. His greatest mark of reprobation, and I have had frequent occasion to notice it, is to preserve silence with respect to them, whenever they are mentioned in his presence. But how often has he not been heard to restrain the violent and less reserved expressions of those about him? "You are not acquainted with men," he has said to us: "they are difficult to comprehend if one wishes to be strictly just. Can they understand or even explain their own characters? Almost all those who abandoned me, would, had I continued to be prosperous, never have dreamed of their own defection. There are vices and virtues which depend on circumstances. Our last trials were beyond all human strength! Besides I was forsaken rather than betrayed; there was more of weakness than of perfidy around me. It was the denial of St. Peter. Tears and repentance are probably at hand. And where will you find, in the page of history, any one possessing a greater number of friends and partizans? Who was ever more popular and beloved? Who was ever more ar-

dently and deeply regretted? Here from this very rock, on viewing the present disorders in France, who would not be tempted to say that I still reign there? The kings and princes, my allies, have remained faithful to me to the last, they were carried away by the people in a mass; and those who were around me, found themselves overwhelmed and stunned by an irresistible whirlwind.'

Results of the Battle of Waterloo.—'Napoleon has just lost a great battle. The Emperor, still covered with dust from the field of Waterloo, was on the point of hurrying into the midst of them, (Chamber of Representatives), there to expose our dangers and resources, and to declare that his personal interests should never be a barrier to the happiness of France, thence to quit Paris immediately. It is said that several persons dissuaded him from this step, by leading him to apprehend an approaching ferment amongst the deputies.'

'Napoleon II. is proclaimed by the legislature.

'The agitation and uncertainty hourly increased in the capital, for the enemy was at the gates. On reaching Malmaison, we saw the bridge of Chatou in flames: guards were posted round the palace, and it became prudent to remain within the park walls. I went into the Emperor's room, and described how Paris had appeared to me; stating the general opinion that Fouché openly betrayed the national cause; and that the hopes of all patriots were, that his Majesty would this very night join the army, who loudly called for him. The Emperor listened to me with an air of deep thought but made no reply, and I withdrew soon after.'

Military Discipline.—'On our leaving the Bellerophon in the morning to visit the Superb, the Emperor stopped short in front of the guard drawn up on the quarter deck to salute him. He made them perform several movements, giving the word of command himself: having desired them to charge bayonets, and perceiving this motion was not performed altogether in the French manner, he advanced into the midst of the soldiers, put the weapons aside with his hand, and seized a musket from one of the rear rank, with which he went through the exercise himself according to our method. A sudden movement and change of countenance amongst the officers and others who were present, sufficiently expressed their astonishment, at seeing the Emperor thus carelessly place himself amidst English bayonets, some of which came in contact with his person. This circumstance produced a most striking effect. On returning from the Superb, we were indirectly questioned on the subject, and asked whether the Emperor had ever acted in the same way with his own soldiers; while the greatest surprise was expressed at his confidence. Not one amongst the officers had formed any idea of sovereigns who could thus explain and execute their own commands; it was

therefore easy to perceive they had no just conception of the person now before them, notwithstanding his having been so marked an object of attention and curiosity for above twenty years.'

The Bellerophon.—'I need scarcely observe that the English are accustomed to remain a long time at table after the desert, drinking and conversing: the Emperor, already tired by the tedious dinner, could never have endured this custom, and he rose, therefore, from the first day, immediately after coffee had been handed round, and went out on deck, followed by the Grand Marshal and myself. This disconcerted the Admiral, who took occasion to express his surprise at it to his officers; but Madame Bertrand, whose maternal language is English, warmly replied, "Do not forget, Admiral, that your guest is a man who has governed a large portion of the world, and that Kings once contended for the honour of being admitted to his table." "Very true," rejoined the Admiral; and this officer, who possesses good sense, a becoming pliability of manners, and sometimes much elegance, did his utmost from that moment to accommodate the Emperor in his habits. He shortened the time of sitting at table, ordering coffee for Napoleon and those who accompanied him, even before the rest of the company had finished their dinner.

'After the preliminary remarks on the weather, the ship's progress, and the wind, Napoleon used to start a subject of conversation, or revive that of the preceding or some other former day; and, when he had taken eight or nine turns the whole length of the deck, he would seat himself on the second gun from the gangway, on the larboard side. The midshipmen soon observed this habitual predilection, so that the cannon was thenceforth called the *Emperor's gun*.'

Original Communications.

DEAR THINGS IN CHEAP TIMES. (FOR THE LITERARY CHRONICLE.)

THE London public is at this moment paying much more for certain matters and things than it ought to do, principally for want of thought or attention to them, because they are *trifles*; but it should be recollected that many of our severest troubles in life arise, at first, from 'trifles light as air;' and, certainly, a very heavy portion of our pecuniary expenses is made up by an aggregate of trifles; and, not to speak in a miserly sense, there can be no weaker argument used to defend expense than the very common one—it is *only* a penny, or *only* two-pence. Be it remembered that—

'Farthings long sav'd amount to pounds at last:

and, upon this very principle, many men prefer *The Literary Chronicle* to

its cotemporaries, because it is cheaper and as good—not to say better.

It has been very well remarked lately by some one, that, in the present state of agricultural distress, a milch cow is as good as a freehold; and certainly, in the neighbourhood of the metropolis, it would seem to be a correct assertion, for the price of milk is now very generally continued at five-pence the quart, however diluted it may be with water, to which price it was raised in the very dearest times; while, in most country places, *pure milk* is not worth more than three-halfpence or two-pence a quart. Now, the expense of milk in a gentleman's family, where there are many children, is much greater than is generally imagined, principally because it is paid for every day, or once a week at farthest. It may be useful to observe to many persons, that though, of their own accord, the milk-dealers would probably never take any thing off the price, yet, as it is much cheaper to them, if the master of a family threatens not to deal with them, they will at once reduce the price a halfpenny or a penny per quart.

The little fancy biscuits are still sold at three for a penny or a halfpenny each, though they are neither bigger nor better than they were when bread was twenty-pence the quartern loaf.

Another article that keeps at a great price is shrimps—viz. sixpence a quart; while turbot, salmon, cod, and every other sort of fine fish, to which they are wanted as sauce, have been reduced much more than half.

The fares of hackney-coaches and most of the 'short stages,' continue the same as they were when horses and horse-keep were incalculably dearer: you may go, on almost any road, from one hundred to one hundred and twenty miles, outside, for ten or twelve shillings; while, by a short stage, you must pay about one fifth of that sum, to ride two or three miles; this should not be. But, perhaps, the greatest imposition on the public just now is, the charge for portage of parcels from the country; a hare sent to you by a friend a hundred miles off, and for the carriage of which he has paid one shilling, shall be charged eighteen-pence or two shillings for the portage, *by act of Parliament*, according to the distance you happen to live from the inn where the coach arrives, or is *supposed* to arrive: there is no doubt at all that many of the carts sent out from coach-offices with parcels, bring home five or six pounds for a morning's trip

round the metropolis; thus getting more by one journey of a single horse and cart, than has, in all probability, been gained by the journey of a coach one hundred miles, which has employed about forty horses. This portage business wants looking into; for, although there was something like an appearance of fairness when the act was first passed, yet it must be remembered, that this, too, was done in a dear time, and, therefore, should be altered now; and the principle of the act, by charging for distance, though it seems fair, is not so in fact, being evaded in this way; most of the coaches call at several inns, one perhaps in Whitechapel, and another where it finally puts up, a mile and a half further, in the heart of London; in such cases, the parcels are taken out at the *distant* inn, sent by the carts, and charged *according to act of Parliament*. That such is the fact, the writer of this can vouch, having recently had occasion to investigate a thing of the sort.

Amongst many other articles that maintain the prices set upon them in times of scarcity and dearness, are servants' wages, char-women's daily pay, the price of washing, that of baking dinners for the lower classes, and even *the poor man's shaving*; the days are gone when such a one was refreshed by seeing it written up in a barber's window,—

'Shave for a penny, and a glass of gin into the bargain.'

J. M. LACEY.

ORIGIN OF THE MERMAID-FABLE. *To the Editor of the Literary Chronicle.*

SIR,—The popular opinion concerning the Mermaid, (which, by the bye, does not mean, as is popularly supposed, *seamaid*, but is derived ab A. S. *mere*, palus, and *mayden*, virgo,) though often modified by local circumstances, seems to have been chiefly formed from the syrens of antiquity. The following curious account of them I meet with in Hoccleve:—

'Whoso that list in the book of nature
Of bestes rede, therein he may see
If he take heed unto the scripture,
Wher it spekth of *meermaid*es in the sea
How that so inly mirie syngith shee
That the shipman therwith fallith asleepe,
And by her after devoured is he.
From al swich song is good men hem to keepe.'

MASON'S HOCCEVE, p. 43.

In Sir David Lindsay's collections relating to heraldry, there is an account of the 'Serene' in blazoning, which is very similar to that of Hoccleve, and appears to be derived from the same source. It is in these words:—

'*Serene*, as philosophie sayes, is ane monstre of ye sey, qll singis sa sweetlie on the sey, qll scho garris the marineris yat passis sleip, and be arreistit, and qhen yai enter wthin the schip, and assailzeis yame, and quhen the syrene may tak ye man, scho beiris him to dry eird, and constreinieis him to have her carnell companie, and gif he may not, nor will not do it, sche sleyis him and devouris and eites his flesche. And as the histoire sayis, sche had wingis and naillis in token of ye armor. yat flies and strykes, and yai continou in watter, becaus yat luxure was maid of waikness, and signifies (in blazonry), he yat bure yame first in armes was dissawand (deceiving) be schewing ye gude of himself, and culd say and do plesand thingis, mair per lechoure and dessait, yan for ony uyer thing, and was ry dangerous and paralous to convers with.'

The eastern seas were, above all, famous for mermaids. Thus, in the romance of *Clariodus and Meliades*—

'The minstrels sang with curiositie,
Sweet as the mermaid in the orient sea.'

Your's, C.

Original Poetry.

AN EXPLANATORY NOTE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

SIR,—When some school-boy writes a Christmas piece,
He shows it to his friends, and will not cease
Till praise or cash or both are his reward,—
For boys like these as well as any bard;
But if some blunder or some gross mistake,
The luckless urchin in his piece should make,
Why, then, he fails in his receipt of money—
And that you know is any thing but funny—
Nor only so, but 'stead of it gets blame;
Now mine's a case,—*certainly* not quite the same,
But something like it, and I needs must speak;
My Christmas piece you publish'd, sir, last week,
And 'mongst my prose,—pild as it is in strata—
Your printing folks have made strange *errata*,
Which much has puzzled many of my friends,
For, school-boy like, I show my odds and ends
Of verse and prose, but not, like them, for cash—
No, sir, such conduct would be worse than rash:
I write for *fame* alone,—than cash 'tis brighter—
Ergo, I must be deem'd a *famous* writer!—
But to the blunder;—speaking of the *waits*,
And what their charming pow'r sometimes abates,
I mention a light *sleeper*, sir, as one
Who such night-harmony would wish to shun;
At least, I meant to speak so, but some dupe or
Printer's apprentice made it a light *stupor*,
Who, had he op'd but one poor winking peeper,
Must needs have seen my MS. word was *sleeper*;
Perchance 'twas late upon the Friday night,
And he had got into a *stupor* light.
I grant the *written* words are much alike,
And at first sight the diff'rence might not strike;
But as you seldom give, amongst your data,
That very useful one *yelep'd errata*,

I humbly beg that I may be corrected;
Indeed, by friends of mine 'tis much expected.
Then they will know,—for, of pure praise they're
stinters—

That *stupor* is not mine, but is the printer's.
I am your's, &c. J. M. LACEY.

RESPONSE TO

'Go where glory waits thee.'

To ***.

WHATE'ER may await me,
E'en should fame elate me,
Still I'll remember thee.
Should fair lips assign, love,
Praise t' a lay of mine, love,
Then I'll remember thee.
Dearest friends surrounding,
Sparkling wine abounding,
Gayest music sounding,
May be sweet to me;
But when friends are highest,
When the revel's highest,
Then I'll remember thee.

When fair morn's bestowing
Rich tints brightly glowing,
Then I'll remember thee.
I'll think of its fleetness,
When we sipp'd its sweetness,—
Thus I'll remember thee.
Oft will spring awaken
Memory of forsaken
Haunts, and pleasures taken
Near the linden tree;
And when earth is smiling,
Ev'ry sense beguiling,
Then I'll remember thee.

When the moon the sleeping
Lake in light is steeping,
Then I'll remember thee.
When the summer gale breathes
Thro' the wood-bine's frail wreaths,
Then I'll remember thee.
When the flowers are dying,
When bleak winds are sighing,
When the leaves are lying
Strew'd all around me;
And when winter's sadness
Deadens nature's gladness,
Then I'll remember thee. JEAN.

THE INFANT'S BURIAL.

THE infant's grave was dug in the grass,
By the church-yard where the worshippers pass;
The treble bell toll'd in the lonely tower
For the sixtieth time in this funeral hour;
The curate appear'd in his surplice clean,
With his open book and devotional mien;
The corpse and its mourners were coming in
sight,
And the pall was held up by six girls in white:
The grey little coffin, with furniture new,
Is placed on the bier in its mother's view;
It is gently let down to the measured space,
By the side of the silent village race,
And the people are met and the service is read,
To give hope to the living and rest to the dead:
And,—'ashes to ashes and dust to dust!'—
The curate pronounces so truly and just!
And the clerk, on the lid of the coffin, throws
The crumbled earth.—And the mother's woes
Are stifled in sobs as she looks thro' her tears,
And the sexton's covering shovel she hears:—
The grave is filling fast up to the brim,
The friends of the widow have chaunted a hymn,
The passage-bell rings its parting tone,
And the relatives homeward go weeping and
lone! J. R. P.

ADVERTISEMENT FOR AN UGLY WIFE.

To the Editor of the *Literary Chronicle*.

My taste is strange—but, 'let that pass';
I dearly love an *ugly* lass!
A squinting eye, a bottle nose,
A beard that on her mole-hills grows,
A snubby chin, a pock-mark'd face,
With purple spots in many a place;
Ears large and long, and lips well crack'd,
Gawky or squat, and camel back'd;
Feet broad, hips wide, and ankles thick,
With arms and elbows red as brick:
Carrotty hair, uncurled and loose,
Her gait and gesture like a goose;
Voice that will reach both depth and height,
Run all the day and snore at night!
Her mind?—why, that, of course, will be
Equal to love's felicity,
Divine!
Now, plainly, should so fine a *fair*
Desire, for *one*, to make a pair:
If she write verses, let her say
In the *Lit. Chron.*, and fix a day.—
I'd nearly slipp'd her age:—suppose
She's forty, this will do—age grows
Delightful—ugliness improves.—
Beauty does not:—then Passion moves
And wanders after youth. She must
Explain if she be worthy trust;
If she can *brew*, if she can *bake*,
And stockings mend and pastry make;
Drop tallow, break the china-ware,
Deny and contradict and stare;
The rest I leave till I have seen,
And in her conversation been.
Should we to wed for life agree,
You, sir, may at the *aupials* be;—
But, like too many of my sex,
That meet their fate before they vex,
I speak as though my prize is won.
Well, I will wait, and should there none
Reply,—I'll never change my mind,
But live a bachelor resign'd. P.

SONG.

O, THIS is the cot where I saw the dear maid,
Encircled by roses, with woodbine for shade;
And that is the bow'r, from the sun's scorching
ray,
Where, with Delia, I've mus'd the lov'd moments away!
And this is the stream that reflected the prize,
When wand'ring its banks, her fair form to the
skies;
And there is the church where I made her my
bride,
And this the sweet cot where I long to reside.
HATT.

SONNET.—LOVE AND MADNESS.

'She never told her love.'—SHAKESPEARE.
WHOSE form is that—contemplative and sad,
With hand reclin'd upon her damask cheek,
All eloquent?—whose silent sorrows speak
Of one perchance in love—and she was mad!
Or why that hollow sigh and bosom bare,
Those transfix'd eyes and agonizing gaze?
That thro' the ribbons of her streaming hair,
Gleam like the sun in tears its golden rays!—
Anon, she weeps, then laughs, and tells her lover
(Who never told her hapless love before,)
And now with uprais'd eyes and hands above
her,
She shrieks—'I ne'er shall behold him more!'—
And then, as if she felt no sense of pain,
She drops her hands, and weeps, and laughs
again! HATT.

THE RETURNED BILL.

A BILL return'd! and noted did you say?
 The third this week! that's rather too uncivil;
 Quite out of fashion is that queer word—pay;
 Bills of exchange, I wish ye at the Devil.

I do indeed; and if along with you
 Went a whole lot of your *accepting* chaps,
 'Twould be *acceptable* to not a few,—
 For most of you are knowing take-in traps.

You laugh at poor John Bull, that man of trade,
 To *Abbot's Priory** take a short excursion,
 Get *white-wash'd*, clear, and pure, and *honest*
 made,
 And then come out to have some more di-
 version.

I don't know what you *gemmen* call the thing
 That makes the tradesman's property keep
 dwindling;
 Yet, as a poet, I'll not say, but sing,
 That it is neither more nor less than *swin-*
dling! J. M. LACEY.

Fine Arts.

MR. DAY'S EXHIBITION.

IN Nos. 182 and 183 of *The Literary Chronicle*, we inserted detached critiques on Mr. Day's Exhibition of ancient pictures and casts from the antique, to which we intended to devote another paper; it has, however, been suggested to us, that the notices we have already given, are sufficient to show the general character of this exhibition, and to induce every lover of the Fine Arts to visit and judge for himself.

ENGRAVINGS.

THE following engravings, from the works of British artists, are now in good hands, and may soon be expected to appear:—

'May Day in the Reign of Elizabeth,' from a picture by C. R. Leslie, which our readers will recollect was exhibited at Somerset House.

'Lovers' Quarrels,' from a very pleasing picture exhibited by G. S. Newton, in the British Gallery. The subject is from 'Le Dépit Amoureux' of Moliere.

'A View on the Thames near Battersea,' with cattle and figures in the foreground, in the style of Cuyp and Paul Potter, from a painting by Deane.

'The Murder of Archbishop Sharpe,' from a picture by William Allan, Edinburgh, exhibited at Somerset House, and suggested by the striking description of this event in the 'Tales of My Landlord.'

'The Escape of the Mouse,' painted and engraved by Burnet.—This work appears to us to rival some of Wilkie's small paintings.

'The Letter of Introduction,' from a picture by Wilkie.

'An Author reading his Play in the Green-Room of Drury Lane Theatre.'—The picture was exhibited at Somerset House, and must be in the recollection of the public. It contains portraits of many of the best performers among 'his Majesty's servants.'

'The Three Marys,' from the celebrated picture by Annibal Caracci.

* The King's Bench.

The Drama
AND PUBLIC AMUSEMENTS.

DRURY LANE THEATRE.—The pantomime produced on Thursday at this house, after *George Barnwell* had murdered his uncle to the entire satisfaction of the gods, was entitled *Gog and Magog, or Harlequin Antiquary*.—The author of it is evidently above his subject, and attempted to make what a pantomime never will become, a rational exhibition. To expose antiquarian absurdities, black-letter foibles, and blue-stockings arrogance, are subjects too serious for a pantomime, where the audience will not give the labour of a thought. A more prominent object of the author, appears to have been to exhibit the progress of science and the arts in the British metropolis; this is exhibited in many instances so strikingly, that it might be called the *Progress of Improvement*. Thursday night plays come too late for an extended notice from us, nor is it even necessary, for no person will take a pantomime on a critic's word: they must have 'the ocular proof.'—Among the personages, we have Robin Goodfellow, Mirth, Laughter, and Sport, who banish dull Care by tossing him in a blanket. Among the relics in the antiquary's library there are Whittington's cat, King Alfred's lanthorn, the ship he planned, which is converted into a well trimmed 74, the wave that met Canute, the loaf given to Jane Shore, and for which they hung the baker, Jack Cade's left eyebrow, and the pen with which King John signed Magna Charta, which is converted into Harlequin's wand. Gog and Magog, alarmed at the improvements meditated in London, hold a council, to which are summoned the two figures that strike St. Dunstan's clock, the dragon of Bow Church, and the grasshopper at the Royal Exchange; this is an excellent scene. The tricks were good, and the moral, which the author never lost sight of, extended itself even to these, for a gaming table was converted into a tread-mill. The scenery was classically correct and beautiful, and represented a faithful picture of London before the fire, during the conflagration, and in its present state. Vauxhall Gardens furnished some excellent scenes, particularly the ascent of Madame Saqui. The Clown, Harlequin, Columbine, and Pantaloon were excellent; and Miss Tree played a charming solo on the flageolet.

COVENT GARDEN.—The entertainments for the holiday folks at this house were *Douglas*, and 'a new grand comic pantomime, founded on a celebrated fairy tale, called *Harlequin and the Ogress, or the Sleeping Beauty of the Wood*. The merry noisy 'gods' seemed heartily glad when they had got rid of the tragedy, and chorused nearly unanimously, with claps of their hands, a favorite air introduced in the overture; the noise of this good humour drowned all other, and happy silence reigned, for the first time, when the first scene of the harlequinade presented itself—from this time to the fall of the curtain, there was no expression but of pleasure and delight—the mistakes incident upon a first representation did not in the least counteract John Bull's good-humour, and in one failure, in which the machinery did not act, where Pantaloon was to have been drowned in a water-carrier's butt, but was not, the water was pumped out of his body notwithstanding, to the infinite delight of the sons of holiday.—Passing by the tricks and performers, which were much as usual, we must merely notice that the story is founded on the enchantment of a princess and her attendants, who are liberated by the Fairy Blue Bell, and transformed into the motley characters of pantomime; the piece finally terminating in the happy union of Harlequin and Columbine. The scenery at the commencement is truly grand and beautiful, and well suited to assist the imagination in the delusions of romance. The enchanted Cedar Grove and attendant views, equal, if not surpass any thing of the kind exhibited here; and the panoramic moving scenes representing the royal progress from Greenwich to Edinburgh merit equal praise. The pantomime, on the whole, though not the best we have ever witnessed, is well worth the attention of lovers of spectacle and drollery, and was announced for repetition with general approbation.

A new piece is about to be produced at Covent Garden under the title of *Nigel*, from the last romance of Sir Walter Scott. How is it that the managers of the great theatres, as they are called, should thus undertake subjects that have been worn bare by the minors? If they think this series of novels worthy of dramatic representation, are not their resources sufficient to prevent their being thus anticipated by half the minor theatres in London? The author of the forthcoming drama,

whoever he may be, will have the support of nearly all the talent of the establishment; as characters in it are assigned to Miss Lacy, Miss Tree, Mrs. Chatterly, Messrs. C. Kemble, Farren, Macready, &c.

Each of the minor theatres produced its pantomimes, and all were, we understand, successful.

The Bee.

Origin of Christmas Holly.—The Druids used to form the shades and bowers of holly, under which they performed their religious rites. It afterwards became a practice with the people in general, particularly in the country, to distribute large quantities of holly in and about their habitations, and especially against their windows, under an idea that it would prove a charm against wizards or witches, in the existence of which they then superstitiously believed; and, though that species of ignorance has long since died away in most places, yet the custom, to this day, is continued in many parts of Scotland under the same idea; but in England, merely because their ancestors were accustomed to do it.

Diodorus Siculus says, that among the ancient Egyptians, one of the articles or conditions of their marriage contracts, was that 'the husband should be obedient to the wife.' We have often heard of Egyptian bondage, but never knew that it had been carried so far as this before.

In a company of toppers, whose fancies are always inventive of 'a reason fair to fill their glass again,' a round of *belles* was proposed. Dr. Barret, upon being called upon for the fair object of his admiration, gave, with much gravity, 'the college bell.'

Political Puns.—Among the many expedients resorted to by the depressed party in a state to indulge their sentiments safely, and probably, at the same time, according to situation, to sound those of their companions, puns and other quibbles have been of notable service. The following are worthy of notice:—The Cavaliers, during Cromwell's usurpation, usually put a crumb of bread into a glass of wine, and before they drank it would exclaim with cautious ambiguity, 'God send this *Crum* well down!' A Royalist divine also, during the Protectorate, did not scruple to quibble in the following prayer, which he was accustomed to deliver:—'O Lord, who has put

a sword into the hand of thy servant Oliver, *put it into his heart ALSO*—to do according to thy word.' He would drop his voice at the word *ALSO*, and, after a significant pause, repeat the concluding sentence in an under-tone.

The late Mr. Todd, of Acton, when the act was put in force for writing the owner's name at length on taxed carts, instead of

AMOS TODD, ACTON, A TAXED CART, caused the following anagram to be inscribed:—

A MOST ODD ACT ON A TAXED CART.

Altitude of Mountains and Depth of Lakes in Europe above and below the level of the Sea:—

MOUNTAINS.	Feet above the Sea
Ben Nevis, Invernesshire	4170
Snowden, Wales	3508
Cawsand Beacon, on Dartmoor.....	1792
D'Or Mountains, highest in France....	6707
Perdu Mountains, highest point of the Pyrennees	11283
(The fall of the River Gare, near the foot of this Mountain is 1266 feet)	
Gibraltar, highest point.....	1439
Trinester-Haar Horn, highest point of the Helvetic Alps	12210
Mount Blanc Alps.....	15618
Mouet Rosa	15555
St. Gothard	8970
Mount Velino	8300
LAKES.	Feet deep.
Lake of Constance.....	1162
Geneva	1267
Thern	1906
Lucerne.....	1500
Neufchatel	1400

Count Munich.—When the royal army of Vendée occupied the province of La Maine, the Prince de Talmont commanded the entire division of the cavalry. After the defeat of this army, he wandered about in the vicinity of Laval. Being, like all the Tremoille family, of the highest stature, and of a noble figure, these prominent advantages betrayed his disguise. It is known that, brought, in the attire of a miller's servant, before the sanguinary monsters who had at that period usurped the title of judges, wearied with their harassing questions, he threw before them the cap which uselessly covered his head, saying, 'Well! I am the Prince de Talmont and de la Tremoille. I have done my duty—execute your designs.' After this defiance, to which the annals of Sparta and Rome offer nothing superior, he firmly marched to the scaffold,—a martyr to his attachment to the cause of the Bourbons.

Circumnavigating the World.—Sebastian Cano, or Canus, a Biscayan by birth, attended the celebrated Magellan in his voyages, and passed those streights with him, which were afterwards called by his name. He retired to Seville in

1822. Charles V. presented him with a globe having this device: 'Primus me circumdedisti.'—Our countryman, Francis Drake, has left behind him the character of an excellent seaman. He first, after Cano, travelled round the world; which voyage he performed in two years and eight months; setting off December 13, 1577, and returning November 3, 1580. The following verses were made on his return, and are preserved in *Camden's Life of Queen Elizabeth*:—

'Drace, pereratti quem novit terminus orbis,
Quemque simul mundi vidit uterque polus.
Si, taceant homines, facient te sidera notum,
Sol nescit comitis non memor esse sui.'

Where'er old Ocean's boundless waters roll,
Have borne, great Drake, thy bark from pole to pole.

Should envious mortals o'er thy labours sleep,
The stars, which led thee thro' the vent'rous deep,
Shall tell thy praises; and thy well-earned fame,

The Sun, thy fellow-traveller, proclaim.

A physician, who had many friends but little science in his profession, was elected physician to an hospital, but as he was very fond of his ease, he made some objections to accepting it, complaining that he should have too much to do; upon which a gentleman observed, that he was quite deceived, as all his friends were quite certain he would render it a *sine-cure*.

TO READERS & CORRESPONDENTS.

THE present Number completes the Volume for the year, and we refer to our Index with pleasure as a record of our labour, which contains a list of 250 new books that have passed under our review, forming, with our other contents, a year's register of new literary matter unprecedented, we believe, in the annals of printing. Subscribers who have not completed their sets, are respectfully reminded that delay in application for odd numbers may prevent their eventual completion. The Volume of *The Literary Chronicle* for 1822, will be ready for delivery on New Year's Day, price 11. 7s. in boards, by the publisher; of whom may be had the former Volumes: and on Saturday next our new Volume will commence with a new type, when such other improvements will be adopted as our experience and success call for and justify.

London:—Published by J. Limbird, 355, Strand, two doors East of Exeter Change; to whom advertisements and communications for the Editor (post paid) are to be addressed. Sold also by Souter, 73, St. Paul's Church Yard; Simpkin and Marshall, Stationers' Hall Court; Ray, Creed Lane; Ridgway, Piccadilly; H. and W. Smith, 42, Duke Street, Grosvenor Square, and 192, Strand; Booth, Duke Street, Portland Place; Chapple, Pall Mall; by the Booksellers at the Royal Exchange; by Sutherland, Calton Street, Edinburgh; Griffin and Co., Glasgow; and by all other Booksellers and News-vendors.—Published in New York by Mr. Seaman.—Printed by Davidson, Old Boswell Court, Carey Street.

s
s
t
e
,
o
n
,
e

:

or
a-
as
er
a
e-
g.
s,
a-
al
o-
on
he
o-
ne
ch
x-

=
d,
er-
ot
ll,
y,
s-
et,
k-
d-
s;
b-
y